



Dear Harold,
Hey man! My day starts at 4 AM & ends at 11:15 pm and they work my butt off up here too. I'm not a trustee but rather a trust me - something I EARNED in this funky old dungeon. The screws here and I are pals and I stay square & straight with them too. I mean we have some righteous matrons up here who not only genuinely give a damn but prove it all the time. I got to rap & rap with the captain of the jail yesterday. He's a cool dude and will see what he can do to help me.

My problem goes this way - the grand jury didn't indict me - for lack of evidence. The D.A. set my trial date way off into March 17th 1974 and says will keep postponing it until the statutes of limitations runs out on it and that way, he says he knows I'll have done a straight seven years by then.

The Captain doesn't dig that kind of scene happening to anyone - like I say - he's straight & square.

This dungeon is run by the Harris County Sheriff's Office and the Houston City Police. That's the same as the difference between the pigs and the police, and you know that there's a big difference too.

As Mr. Brinkley used to say when he got mad - Sona la Bitch. I have added my own obscenities to the list & it gets longer all the time.

Wow! what a bessed huh? Even if I did do 7, I don't think Cabille will let me off over

with just that, not after my last number anywhere
as I ripped off his favorite knight. He's got me
in check this time & he knows it.

Once again I take cold showers but...
I got lucky and got a quick solution to my
problem - rarely though and I don't mean
by the girls neither, strict confidence by
me and a badge - low ranking in the law, but
mighty high in my esteem, Jesus! don't ever
tell anyone about that please, I take a hell of a
lot of tranquilizers too.

I haven't seen my good Jewish lawyer since
the day I asked him "Is the best part of his brains
run down his Daddy's leg." They heard me ask
him that way up on the floor as I was too mad
to ~~shut~~ down my loudness any.

Well I have to go console my friend over
here "fearless" because Jack the Ripper (our
Dentist) (at least he claims to be one) pulled out
her tooth. (He never heard of novacaine either) Poor
fearless got wiser through the loss of her wisdom
tooth & ordered a tube of Crest from commissary.

By For Now

in the Danger

Call me up any time

Love and kisses from your mother